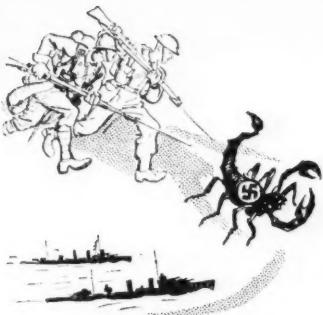




PUNNY

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CXCVII No. 5142

October 25 1939

Charivaria

A RECENT article in the Berlin *Angriff* suggests that Herr HITLER stands for anything the German people will fall for.

○ ○

A Wembley man owns a parrot that hasn't been heard to utter a word since 1908. It is thought that the bird is endeavouring to qualify for membership of Our Dumb Friends' League.

○ ○

We understand that upon hearing that a Reigate man had bitten a dog a Ministry of Information official got up, shook himself, and then sat down again.

○ ○

"PIG REARING.
SHORTAGE OF BACON AND THE WAY OUT."
Headlines in "Yorkshire Post."

Circumstances justify a rasher policy.

○ ○

It has been noticed in many homes that when it is time for the evening black-out, dogs are much quieter. Although very often the silence is broken by the savage barking of householders' shins.

○ ○

Opinion in Fleet Street is that the Ministry of Information feels that the war should be fought *in camera*.

○ ○

It is pointed out that lighthouse-keepers are among those who are exempt from war service. This is of course a very reserved occupation.

"Sandbag Profiteers," says a heading. An excellent idea.

○ ○

WHY does he slap that hair down front
Like a part-time soldier out of the hunt?
Some say he's afraid
of trouble brewing
If his left eye spots
what his right
one's doing.

○ ○

It is claimed that a Berlin police dog knows five hundred words and does exactly as it is told. Now isn't that a Nazi all over?



"Even the war cannot interfere with some of our old customs," says a writer. Nevertheless, we doubt if anybody could really enjoy a Guy Fawkes bonfire consisting of the FUEHRER and a lot of luminous paint.

○ ○

"The world is still paying for the war of 1914," remarks an economist. In spite of the fact that we're not using it any more.

○ ○

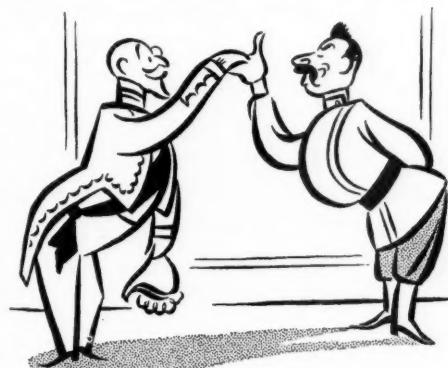
"— restore maximum efficiency even in badly worn bores."

Advt. in "Commercial Motor."

Don't let GOEBBELS know about this.

○ ○

A newspaper paragraph mentions that while shaking hands with visiting officials M. STALIN injured his thumb. Could it be the one under which he is holding Germany?



A Sea Tale

(Designed for the Nazi Radio, which always seems to exaggerate a little)

HARK! for the word is written,
Lovers of Strength through Joy,
How we shattered the might of Britain
On the windy plains of Troy,
None other but he, the Leader,
Was there in the good ship's hold
That he made of the Lebanon cedar
And lined with the *ersatz* gold.

"I only, alone, shall wrestle,"
Says he, "with the English ships
In my own deep-sea-horsed vessel"
(And the laughter was on his lips).
"I am greater than Kings and Lamas,
I am lord of the night and noon,
Myself is the cat's pyjamas
And the whiskers on the moon."

And big was his wake with bubbles
When he sailed for the Irish shore,
And he threw out Dr. Goebbels
To feed the fish of the Nore,
And the whales and the great sea-creatures
Grew tame when they saw his power
And the light of his beautiful features
As he stood by the conning-tower.

The night was as calm as gravy
With all of the stars to show
When he sighted the British Navy
Two miles off Plymouth Hoe,
And the noise of his voice like thunder
And the roar that he let from his face
Sent the whole fleet rolling under
With the cod and the eels and the plaice.

Hark! for the word is written,
Lovers of Strength through Joy,
How we shattered the might of Britain
On the windy plains of Troy.
Her ships were sunk by the Leader,
Alone on the wide sea's rim;
And where is the next sueder
To shout with the voice of him?

EVOE.

○ ○

I Ought to be Psycho-Analysed.

IMUST become more self-conscious. It is a pity that there are no correspondence courses in self-consciousness, when there are so many in unself-consciousness. It is not fair. If you wish to banish blushing and to stop stammering and to acquire that indefinable poise which carries you through the most embarrassing situations with ease, all that you need to do is to send ninepence in stamps for a specimen lesson; but if you wish to be able to blush a little and to stammer now and then you can find no one to help you.

This imperturbability and incapacity for surprise is all very well in its way, I suppose, but it does make life a little dull and solemn. My only consolation is that perhaps my inability to be amazed and my incapability of feeling

ludicrous sometimes makes life more amusing for my friends. I know that once I made an old cowman laugh when he came upon me conversing over a fence with one of his cows. I hadn't thought it funny at all myself. I often chat with cattle as I pass them by. "Good-day, Mr. Cow." I call out. "Fine weather we're having just now." Or, "How are you this morning, Sir? I hope that you are enjoying your lunch." (I have, from my childhood, always considered a cow to be a gentleman. When I was young too I had the idea that the cat we had was a lady and our dog a gentleman. The cat was my dancing-partner sometimes, but never the dog, for two gentlemen cannot very well dance together.)

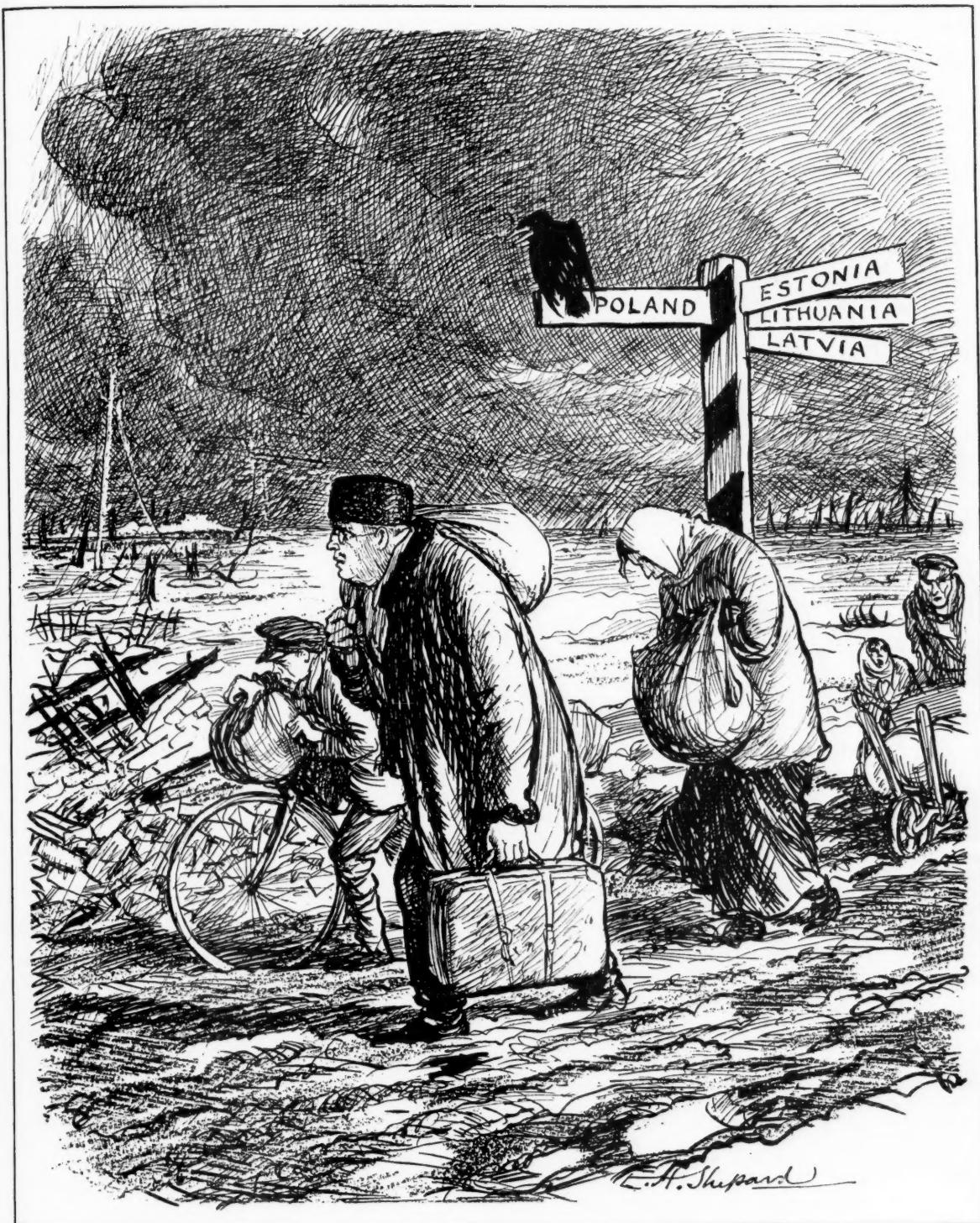
I was at the barber's just now and my barber left me seated in front of a mirror, dressed in the blue-and-white smock thing, while he brushed a customer's coat, I imagine, or something like that. If only I had been a little more self-conscious I might not have found it a beautiful opportunity to amuse myself with a few facial contortions. It was some minutes before I noticed that my two neighbours were watching me horrified as I sat happily staring at my other self grimacing merrily for my amusement in front of me. I realised later still that my other self was appearing in many other parts of the room too, owing to the way my barber had mirrors all around the place.

It only rarely dawns upon me that people turn round to see me when I walk along the street singing a little song of my own composition, or executing one of my original dances, entirely for my own pleasure. I suppose that they must do so fairly frequently, but I do not often think to look to see.

The time, though, that I must have appeared most odd was when I had borrowed George's book on phonetics on my way to lunch. I propped it up on the table and began to read it as soon as I had given my order. I found the book most absorbing. I presume now, as I look back, that my behaviour was quite ordinary and not at all noticeable as I read the first dozen pages. Perhaps I had both my elbows on the table, or some such thing, but that would be scarcely apparent in a restaurant at lunch-time these days. It may be impolite at a dinner-party, but when everybody has only an hour in which to eat a lunch nobody pays any attention to what is going on around him at all. Perhaps I went off the rails a bit when I reached the second chapter, called "Sound-Analysis." It was indispensable for the student to cultivate both the organic and the acoustic sense, to know each sound by ear and to know the corresponding organic positions and actions by the muscular sensations which accompany them. Naturally, when the book gave examples of the formation of a few familiar sounds I paid great attention to them. A docile and painstaking student, I murmured "f" and then "v," then "fff" and then "vv," until I could easily detect the voice-vibration in the *v*. I learned the faint sighing sound of the unmodified breath-friction of *f*. I dutifully repeated the experiments with the other pairs of breath-and-voice consonants: "sszz," I said, "zzss, sszz, zzss." I tried the simple experiment of covering and uncovering the two sides of my mouth with my hands to simulate the effect of unrounding round vowels.

As I reflect upon it now, I feel sure that by this time the attention of some of my most observant neighbours must have been attracted, but then I was quite oblivious and read interestedly on. I learned that most people could easily pronounce a rolled or a trilled *r*, or any other kind, if only they tried. I wondered whether old Branny—he used to be our Classics-master, and always replaced an *r* by an *l*, often with most amusing results—could have said *r* with practice.

I can pronounce quite a good *r* myself, even though I am



LEBENSRAUM



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—LIFE IN THE SECRET SERVICE

a Southerner, but I tried all the exercises, just the same. I uttered a rapid series of *d's*—*ddd*, but all that I could make it sound like was an imitation of a motor-cycle travelling uphill. That is not the method for me, I thought, and tried saying "*thr, thr, thr*." That succeeded admirably, and I purred away for some moments, highly pleased. Then I proceeded to the Northumbrian *r*. I followed implicitly the instructions, paying great heed to the diagrams, and was rewarded by a wonderful growling sound which reminded me of my father's black dog. "Grrr," I said. "Grrr. Down, Bess, down!" It was then that I became aware that I had attracted the attention of my neighbours in the restaurant. Quite nine of them, in fact, were staring rather hard at me. It dawned upon me then what I had been doing.

They gradually ceased to stare as I finished so much of my meal as lay before me. I would not have a sweet, I said to the waiter, and could I have my bill, please?—I was in rather a hurry.

○ ○

"Only one member of the Council was employed in civil defence, and he was an unemployed man."—*A.R.P. statement*.

We mustn't draw the distinction too fine.

Nothing Left to Live For

A Comrade's Lament

THERE'S nothing Left to live for,
There's nothing Left to do,
With no good cause to give for
The Reds are feeling blue.

"**K**EEP LEFT—it's one way only"
Was once our traffic-sign,
But now we're feeling lonely,
We've lost the Party line.
Close up the bookshop, comrades,
Our propaganda's through,
Let's sit and wait for bomb-raids,
We've nothing Left to do.

The Red Flag isn't red, dears,
It isn't even pink:
The Worker's off its head, dears,
We'll have to take *The Link*.
What else is there to try for?
What cards have we to play?
We've nothing Left to die for
And nothing Left to say.

A Protest

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You may possibly have noticed a tendency on the part of certain sections of the Press to criticise the Ministry of Information, of which I was until recently a servant. Yielding to popular clamour, the Government reduced the staff, and I was one of the unfortunate victims. It is too late now, I am afraid, to do anything about it, but I feel bound to call your attention to the very grave dilemma with which the country may be faced.

In parting with me the Ministry has lost the only member of its staff with an adequate knowledge of philately, New Guinea, and vacuum-cleaners. There is a Major Hook who is an expert on philately, Sir Gauntlet Graves knows New Guinea like a book, and Miss Constance Weatherdene stands alone so far as vacuum-cleaners are concerned, but now that I have been jettisoned there is no single brain which can grasp at once the significance of a problem involving all three branches of knowledge. At any moment a cable may arrive from New Guinea to the effect that a valuable stamp has been sucked into a vacuum-cleaner. With my assistance this could have been made into a news-item of thrilling interest, but in my absence I doubt whether the M.O.I. will think it worth more than a couple of thousand words.

Superficial thinkers may argue that if such a piece of news were received it would only be necessary to call an informal meeting of Sir Gauntlet Graves, Major Hook and Miss Constance Weatherdene. The superficial thinker will imagine that if these three got together and pooled their resources the matter could be handled adequately.

A moment's reflection, however, shows the absurdity of any such idea. In the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club it is recorded that the editor of *The Eatanswill Gazette* compiled a series of articles on Chinese Metaphysics by looking up China and Metaphysics separately in the Encyclopædia and simply combining the information. But can it be seriously suggested that the methods of an obscure provincial journal a century ago should form a model for a great Government Department in 1939?

It may be argued that the likelihood of a valuable stamp being sucked up by a vacuum-cleaner in New Guinea is not very great. This point was put to me by a man with rimless eyeglasses named Wilkins. I nailed him down at

once. "Tell me, Wilkins," I said, "do you know how many rare stamps there are in New Guinea?" He became confused and stammered out that he did not. "And do you," I said, pursuing my advantage, "know how many vacuum-cleaners there are in New Guinea?" Again he had to confess ignorance. "And do you," I said remorselessly, "even know where New Guinea is?" By this time he was blushing furiously and almost in tears. I told him that it was his sort of ignorant cavilling criticism that had done much to wreck one of the most tremendous Government Departments ever known.

The sad thing is that there must be millions up and down the country as ignorant as Wilkins. Some, like him,

are satisfied to remain in darkness, others are thirsting for knowledge and toss uneasily in their beds at night wondering whether there is any likelihood of rare stamps being sucked up by vacuum-cleaners in New Guinea.

That thirst, alas! can never now be quenched, and I have lost £1,400 a year.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

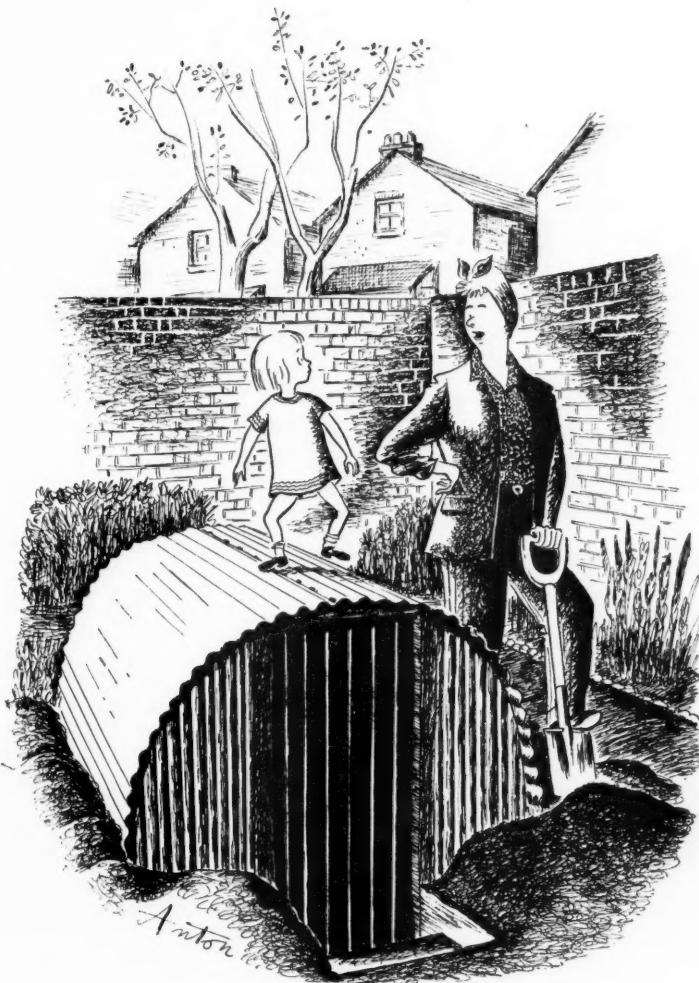
HORATIO HOGG (Col. *retd.*)

• •

"Owing to the uncertainty of the immediate future it has been decided to temporarily suspend publication of the 'British Journal of Astrology,' as from the termination of the last issue, September."

Publishers' Letter.

Somebody lost his touch?



"Don't dance about on it, Winnie, you might fall through."

At the Pictures

FICTION AND FACT

Only Angels Have Wings (Director: HOWARD HAWKS) is full of the particular kind of "toughness" that is really sentimental—though lovers of ERNEST HEMINGWAY's less inspired work would never admit it. Nevertheless, the film is exceedingly good entertainment. The scene is Barranca, "port of call for the South American banana boats," where some tough young men are running an air line financed by a kindly Dutchman. The route is dangerous (across the Andes) and the aeroplanes are unreliable: unable to fly over the mountains, they must go through a pass that may be full of fog; so from time to time one of the pilots gets killed. There is much escapist drinking and song in the Dutchman's bar.

The head man is *Geoff Carter* (CARY GRANT), who has had one of those bitter experiences with women and therefore almost immediately falls for *Bonnie Lee* (JEAN ARTHUR), a chorus-girl who turns up at Barranca on her way to Panama.

The end is what you might expect, but before that there are many complications: the pilot with the bad reputation (RICHARD BARTHELMES) redeems it, the hero's fatherly friend (THOMAS MITCHELL) gets killed. There is brilliant and exciting photography of the dangerous flights over the mountains.

All the parts are well taken, the dialogue is often amusing, and the theme (if you didn't see a minor but competent film called *Flight From Glory* a year or so ago) is new. This is not a great picture, but it's unsurpassed as sheer entertainment.

It's a bit unexpected perhaps that *Stanley and Livingstone* (Director: HENRY KING) should begin in Wyoming, with an outpost of the United States Army preparing to fire on some presumably hostile Indians. There isn't, as a matter of fact, very much else that's unexpected about the picture; for instance the activities of *Livingstone*, when he appears, are summed up in the time-honoured over-

simplified way—one scene of hymn-singing, one of primitive surgery, one of gentle reproof to a large child-like

rather more like the usual go-getting American reporter than the real STANLEY was. But one can credit his determination to find *Livingstone*, in the teeth of the general conviction that *Livingstone* was dead, and one can believe in and be absorbed by the account of the hardships he overcame on his expedition. It's not quite so easy to believe in the love interest (inserted, I suppose, for the sake of the ninepennies), but NANCY KELLY makes that too quite reasonable and the facts are not severely strained.

They are strained more by the rather excessive dramatisation of the end; but to provide a climax something of the kind had to be done. It's a sound, worthy, interesting film; everybody does well, and Mr. TRACY is as good as ever. The fact that I find it hard to believe in Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE as *Livingstone* is probably my own fault.

There seems to be no over-dramatisation at all about *Nurse Edith Cavell* (Director: HERBERT WILCOX), a straightforward piece of work which sticks to facts throughout. I do quarrel with the convention that smart German officers must talk with an accent among themselves; but I realise that this is possibly the best way of presenting, to an audience that understands only English, a story that unfolds in English, French and German. These things are not meant to be thought out.

The story is told with great fairness to all concerned. By always keeping very upright and being very calm ANNA NEAGLE does her best to portray a hospital matron of iron will and nerve, and probably for most people she succeeds. The other parts are, naturally, comparatively small; they are all done with competence. As usual with this type of film, "worthy" is the adjective that seems to me most suitable; but it would be wrong to imply that it does not have moments of great excitement and suspense. The lighter moments involve the simplest possible kind of humour (Cockney cheerfulness, great-lady pawkiness), but the audience seizes on them gratefully. R. M.



A HARD-BOILED CHERUB

Geoff Carter CARY GRANT

thief. However, the real focus of the story is *Stanley*, and SPENCER TRACY makes him a worthy focus—possibly



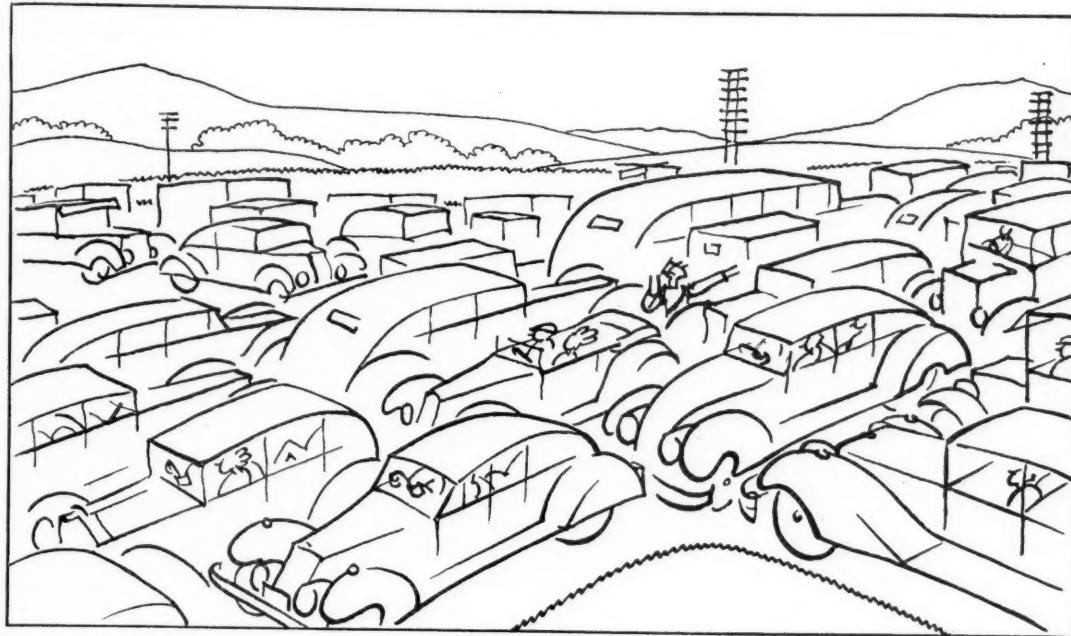
ANOTHER IMPENDING VINDICATION

Lord Tyce CHARLES COBURN
Stanley SPENCER TRACY

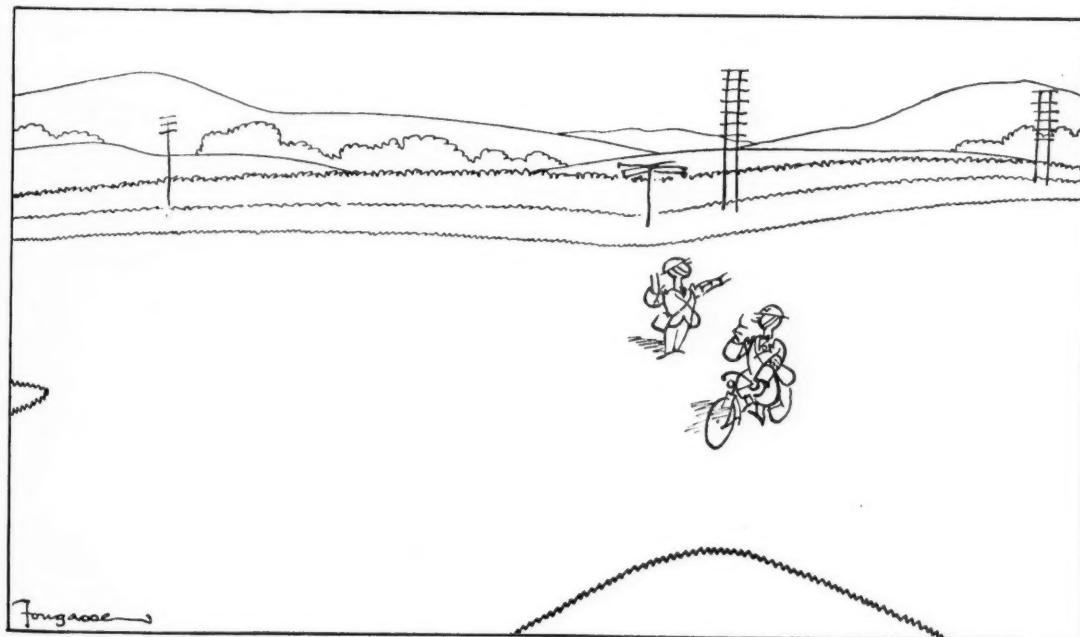
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THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

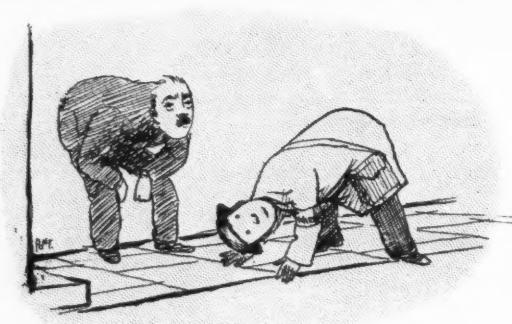
XI.—HEY FOR THE OPEN ROAD!



1



2



"From down here I can see a chink of light through your dining-room curtains quite distinctly."

Behind the Lines

V.—An Alphabet

A is an Air-raid-precaution. *E.g.*,
A gas-mask when taking a dip in the sea.

B is my Bicycle. How do you ride it?
I slipped into neutral and sat down beside it.

C is a Curtain. It's thick and it's black,
But a plane in the courtyard could see through the crack.

D is the Drawing-pins kept for the curtain;
Their *status* is sure, but their *quo* is uncertain.

E is an Elephant. Don't be inferring
It came by mistake: I was thinking of Goering.

F is for Funk. Is it Funk? Is it Frick?
It doesn't much matter. They both make me sick.

G is the Gas-mask I left in the train—
I did it last week, and I've done it again.

H is for —— Let us be fair if we can:
He *may* be all right, but I *don't like* the man.

I 's Information, "released" when we know
That all Germany knew it a fortnight ago.

J is the Job which they gave to a Lord
As Censor in Braille to the Fisheries Board.

K was the Kaiser. On both of its fronts
His moustache was the joy of all Germany once.

L is the Lorry I met in the dark,
And (preceded by "Wot the—") the driver's remark.

M is the Milkman. He's surer and surer
Each morning that Hitler's been shot by the Furer.

N is for Noah. His mine-laying ark
Was torpedoed by Churchill disguised as a shark.

O is the Organ of Sandy Macpherson
(I suppose it's all right, and there *is* such a person?)

P is a Pact. One observes with what ease
Any pact is un pact when the factories please.

Q is Queen Anne, and the Ministry said
She was dying—no, living—no, sorry—she's dead.

R is for Ribbentrop. Isn't he smart?
He has *Rome—I mean Moscow* engraved on his heart.

S is for Stalin. The news has come through
That they've made him an Aryan under Rule II.

T is the Torch which I bought at a sale:
The contact's all right when the batteries fail.

U is the U-boat whose captain convinced an
Unprejudiced Goebbels it must have been Winston.

V is the Voice which announced it. "*Here lies*"
Is all they need put on its tomb when it dies.

W's Warbles and What-nots. A feller
Is wise, when he hears them, to make for the cellar.

X marks the spot where the body was found
In the books which he reads when he's safe underground.

Y is the Years (25) which have passed
Since the undersigned wrote a War Alphabet last.

Z was the Zeppelin, slightly distended,
With which (had you guessed it?) that Alphabet ended.
A. A. M.



"Yes, but what kind of a barrage balloon?"

Wheels of War

Interlude by Phone

THIS is the Cartography Department, War Office. Captain Intray here."

"Oh, who is that, please?"

"This is the Cartogr—"

"Oh, I was asking the Exchange for somebody who's something to do with maps."

"That's quite right. Cartography Department speaking. Who are you, please?"

"Oh, well, my husband asked—I mean, I'm speaking for General Sir Cust Blind-Bloodbury of Dera-Doon House, Guildford."

"Oh, yes, certainly."

"He's down there, but I'm up in London at the moment. Who did you say you were?"

"This is Captain Intray."

"How do you do? Do you know the General? Of course he *retired* several years ago . . ."

"I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure. But what can we do for him?"

"Oh, he wants a map."

"What map does he want?"

"Well, it's *rather* difficult to—well, a *war* map."

"Er—excuse me, but is it any map you could obtain commercially—buy outside, I mean? You see, this Department of the War Office only has authority to—"

"Oh, no, not the kind the General means, you can't. But he *knows* they have them at the War Office."

"Perhaps he could apply by letter? We're terribly busy here, you know; the war keeps us at it."

"Oh, I know; isn't the war terrible? The General says that in his opinion—"

"So if the General would write in officially—"

"Oh, but he sent me up *specially*. He thought I could explain so much *better* just what he wanted—Did you speak?"

"No, just clearing my throat! Excuse me!"

"Besides, it's urgent. I mean, it's needed *to-night*. That's really why the General asked me to ring up the War Office, because I was coming up to town, and find out from you if you'd got what he wanted, and then I could come round and fetch it, and as long as I started back in time to avoid the awful black-out I—"

"Quite, quite, quite. With the pressure of work we have here, I had to find out how important the matter was. Just what map do—"

"It's not wanted for fun or anything, if that's what you mean. It's work of—well, almost national importance you could call it."

"Oh, of course. Just what map is it that's wanted? You understand, naturally, that many of our war maps are secret and can't be issued to civilia—er—to officers not actually entitled to be issued with them."

"Oh, *naturally*. What I say is, we've got to be careful. Look at the spies in the last war, how they—"

"Hrm! What was the map?"

"Oh, a war map."

"Yes, but what Front, or part of the Front? We have hundreds of maps here and we *are* very busy."

"I *know*."

"And if you could let me know the scale?"

"The scale?"

"Yes, the size of the map."

"Oh, a very big map."

"I mean the relative proportions of—er—did the General write down what he wanted?"

"No. And I'm certain he didn't say anything about scales."

"Oh, well! What part of the Front do you want?"

"It doesn't really matter. Just a war map."

"Doesn't really matt— Perhaps you could tell me what war?"

"Oh, any war."

"What?"

"It's for a lecture he's giving to-night."

"Oh, I see. Er—have you any idea what war the General proposes to lecture on?"

"Oh, yes. It's his usual lecture. And all the local Boy Scouts are—"

"Yes, but what war?"

"The lecture's called 'My Waziristan Days,' but he illustrates it with a home cinematograph film of troops on manoeuvres in 1925, showing how the basic principles of military tactics and strategy—"

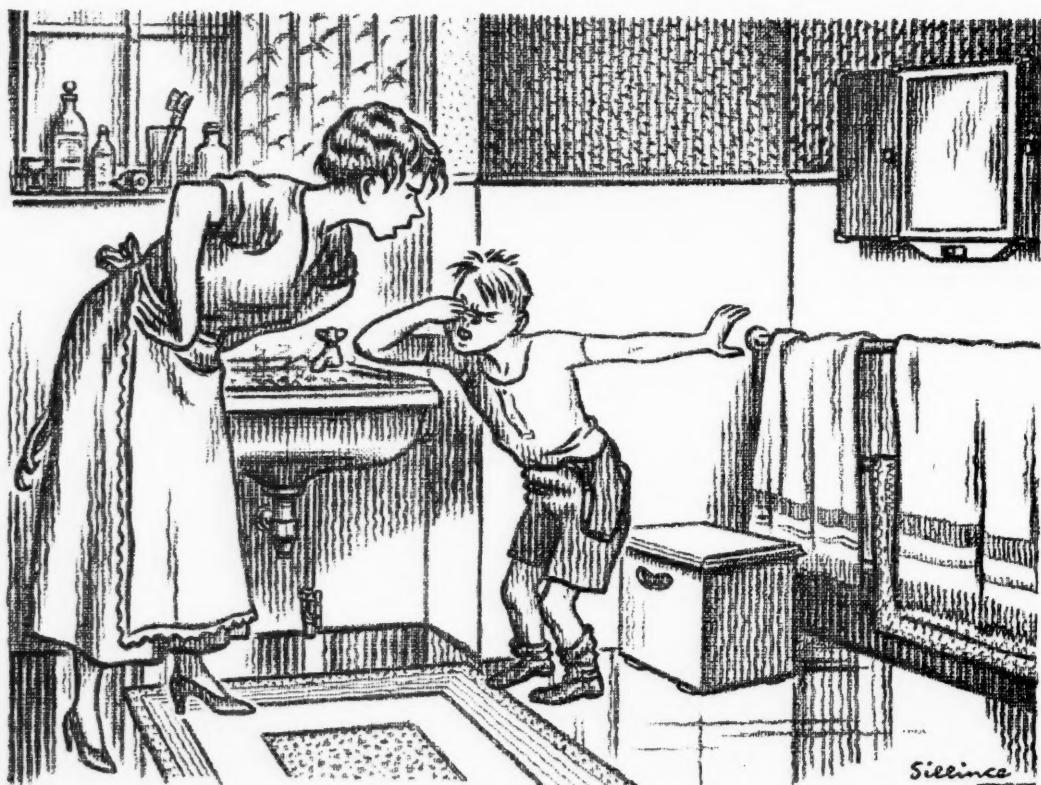
"Exactly, exactly. Then do I take it he wants a map of Waziristan?"

"No, it doesn't matter, I tell you. He wants just a war map, one of those very *large* war maps that you used to have. Ours has got holes in it. The General has found by experience that when hung up face to the wall, the back of them makes the ideal screen for his cinema pictures—
What did you say?"

A. A.



"This is the B.B.C. Home Service. Ladies and Gentlemen—a gramophone record!"



"You're lucky to be able to have soap in your eye. In Germany the poor little boys can't have soap at all!"

A. H.

An Epitaph

PAUSE, pray, and pity, passer-by;
Here, as in life, I, Hitler, lie.
Forbear from mockery or mirth;
These are the saddest bones in earth:
For they reluctantly recall
The mightiest might-have-been of all.

It is unusual to find
A perfect thing of any kind;
The *prima donna's* charms are small;
The beauty has no voice at all
(God has insisted, some believe,
On keeping something up His sleeve).
So I, who had so much of what
The other fellow hadn't got—
A new, unnatural cross between
A mystic, monster, and machine;

From every weakening force apart,
Untouched by alcohol—and heart;
Who shunned tobacco—and the truth;

Who dazzled, yet degraded, Youth;
Who drove my country to the top
And then insanely let her drop—
Half devil and half dynamo,
No man could tell how far I'd go;
And, but for one unhappy trait,
I might be going strong to-day.
I had momentum, I had weight,
But I could simply not go straight.

Like others in the history-book,
I lost a crown by turning crook.
I might have worn the Hero's robe,
A Washington to half the globe:
Instead of that I chose to be
The world's Horatio Bottomley.

A. P. H.

Our German

MRS. DITCHLING, who first introduced Dr. Hermann to our village circle about three years ago, says that he was born in this country, but she is somewhat vague about his parents. Hitherto that has not seemed to matter very much. Dr. Hermann has "German" written all over him. His short hair, sharp features and dome-like forehead all have the Teutonic cast. He does not wear large round spectacles with thick rims, but they would obviously become him. His manners, though unexceptionable, are a shade formal. When one talks to him he always stands at attention with his head slightly on one side, as though anxious to catch every word that is said. He does not click his heels because his legs are short and not very straight—a slight infirmity which it would be ungenerous to comment on—

but one feels that he would if he could. His voice is high pitched rather than guttural, but there is a certain ring of authority about it, especially when, as frequently happens, he is ordering Mrs. Ditchling about. One can just hear that voice barking commands on the parade ground.

I do not mean to suggest that Dr. Hermann is overbearing or even stand-offish. I know by experience he is quite the reverse. If I am in the garden when he happens to be going by he never omits to look in and pass the time of day with me or have a pleasant word with Tu Tu, my spaniel—so called not because she has any Oriental relations but because her too, too solid flesh refuses to melt.

Every community has its spy-chasers and alien-baiters, and there are those in our village who, since the war began, have not hesitated to say that Dr. Hermann ought to be locked up. One of my own neighbours, a Mr.

Bulgeon—I think he is a retired stock-broker—is particularly vocal on the subject. I pointed out to him that Dr. Hermann's deportment is above reproach—indeed he appears to be totally unconscious of the strained atmosphere that the war has brought about; but all Mr. Bulgeon would say was that even if Dr. Hermann was in no position to be a spy it was probably no fault of his, and his very presence was an insult to honest Englishmen. There are men like that. The villagers have so far shown no disposition to interfere with the little Doctor. One yokel, probably in drink, did indeed aim a kick at him—that was on the day after war had been declared—but Dr. Hermann flew at him so fiercely that those who witnessed the unprovoked assault showed themselves to be entirely on his side.

The truth seems to be that Dr. Hermann takes less than no interest in politics or international affairs. Let

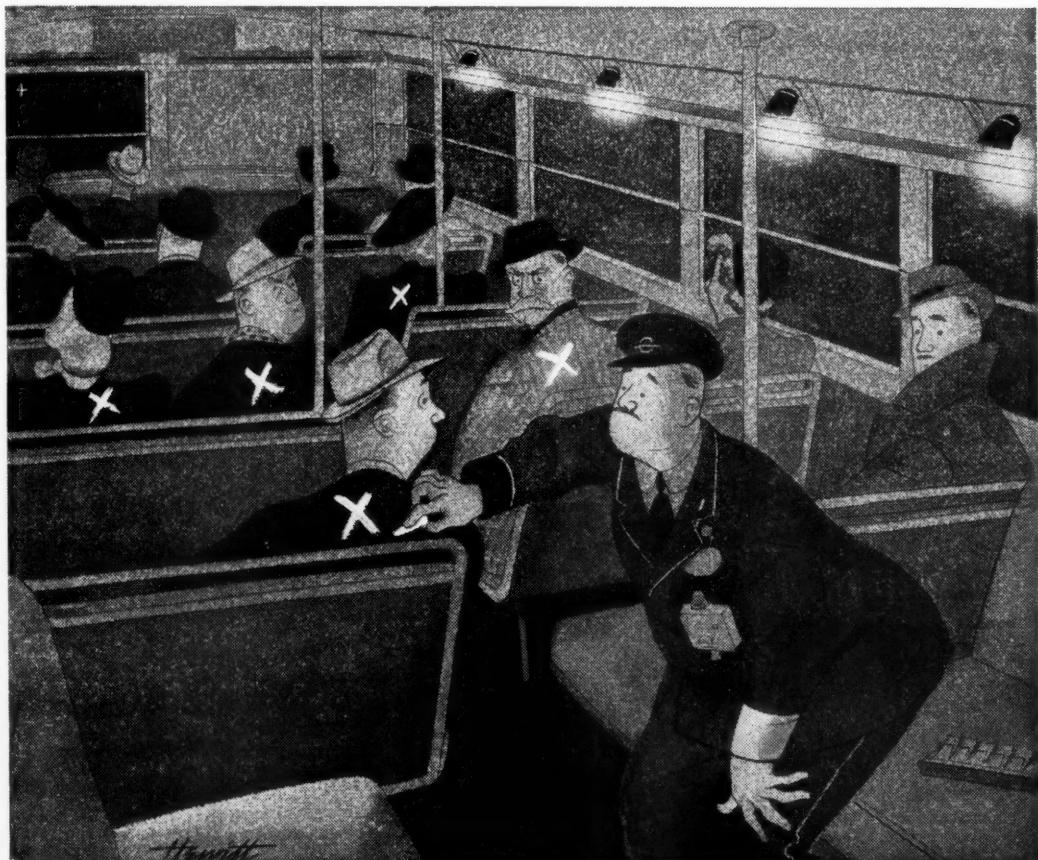
the talk turn to ball games or field sports, to the delights of a country ramble or to the subject of food, and all his interests are aroused. He becomes excited and even, for so gentle a soul, noisy. That is perhaps excusable, for he excels at all manner of rustic exercises and exhibits a tireless energy that one of his relatively diminutive stature could hardly be expected to display.

With his sportsmanlike qualities, his amiable disposition and his keen nose for all the things that make life pleasant and human relationships valuable, it is not to be wondered at that Dr. Hermann remains popular in the village, war or no war, and that those who are offended by the mere sight of him are few in number.

There is of course one complete answer to all their arguments that he should be locked up.

Dr. Hermann is a dachshund.

ALGOL.



"And you've paid."



"Don't taste it yet, Sir—they ain't finished messin' abahit wiv it."

A Song of Fine Distinctions

THE smoke rolls over Warsaw,
In Prague they walk in fear,
A thudding swarm of aeroplanes
May shortly greet us here,
Athenia's hundred passengers
Lie quiet in the sea;
But the gentle German people
Are just like you and me.

Now, when our sons go overseas,
Remember this is true,
The Germans aren't responsible
For what the Nazis do;
Those interfering Nazis love
To murder, steal and lie,
But the nice kind German people
They would not hurt a fly.

Oh, how the submariners weep
Each time they shell a boat!
The Germans simply hate such deeds,
Only the Nazis gloat;
The German generals tearfully
Lay cities in the dust;
They do not want to do it, but
The Nazis say they must.

Think: "eighty million Germans"
(Still left, though some were shot)
All most mysteriously bossed
By Hitler's little lot;
Those most unlucky Germans,
It always happens thus—
Some Kaiser or some Hitler makes
Them drop their bombs on us.

So when a bomb destroys your wife
Or sets your house afame,
Don't let your angry passions rise
And don't forget the name:
We're not at war with Germany,
The Nazi is the foe,
And when we've beaten them again,
Once more we'll let them go.

But it will not be the Germans,
The Germans never arm,
They're fond of beer and Beethoven
(Wherein resides their charm);
Some other bully will arise
And drive them on once more,
But it will not be the Germans' fault—
They loathe the thought of war. J. C. S.



AN APT DISCIPLE

Father of Lies. "Admirable work! Pray accept the Asbestos Star of the Order of Ananias—First Class."

Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Tuesday, October 17th.—Lords: Brief Meeting.

Commons: Local Elections Bill given Second Reading. Debate on War Allowances.

Wednesday, October 18th.—Lords: Debate on India.

Commons: P.M.'s Statement on War. Debate on Economic Planning.

Tuesday, October 17th.—This afternoon the Lords were told of two refreshing discoveries. Lord STRABOGLI had unearthed the fact that this morning the Law Lords had received an unofficial raid warning and had prudently retired to the basement, and Lord NEWTON, having with some difficulty got hold of a copy of the leaflet telling Germans of the exported fortunes of their leaders, had found it marked "SECRET"! In a brief debate which followed Lord MACMILLAN denied that this leaflet had been unconvincing, and asked for less easy criticism.

Privates on short leave and therefore in uniform who, choosing to return to their favourite restaurant, have been molested by junior officers with less sense than pomposity, should repeat the experiment carrying a cutting of Mr. HORE-BELISHA's reply to Mr. Foot, in which he says that he has no objection to officers and men appearing together in uniform in public places when not on duty.

As a Board of Inquiry was sitting to report on the loss of the *Royal Oak*, Mr. CHURCHILL was unable to tell the House much more than that she was sunk at her moorings at Scapa Flow after two salvos of torpedoes had been fired into her with an interval of twenty minutes; he described the U-boat's feat of entering a harbour proved immune in the last war as a remarkable exploit of professional skill and daring. The naval hunt was going well. No fewer than four U-boats were destroyed last Friday, two of which had been of the latest and largest type, and since the beginning of the war between a third and a quarter of Germany's submarines had been sent to the bottom. British mercantile tonnage meanwhile stood at only forty-one thousand tons less than its peace-time figure.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave the House an account of the air-raids on the Firth of Forth and Scapa Flow which showed again the strength of our

defences. Three officers and thirteen ratings had been killed, two officers, thirty-four ratings and two civilians injured, but there had been little material damage and at least five raiders had been brought down.

as tellers. That anyone could seriously want the bother of a local election at this moment is hard to believe.

The debate which followed on the inadequacy of the allowances paid to soldiers' wives gave publicity to an official decision most surprising from a British Government—to treat a woman who had lived with a soldier for six months or more before he joined the Colours as his wife. Curiously enough this unorthodox concession, the only sign of generosity in the scheme of allowances, was heartily attacked by two women Members, Lady ASTOR urging that it would add to the moral temptations of war, and Mrs. TATE speaking of "subsidising concubines and bastards." The decision was defended from the Front Bench, however, by Captain CROOKSHANK, who said it had been arrived at only after much consideration.

The scheme of allowances was so generally condemned that the Minister of Pensions, Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, had finally to promise to consult the Advisory Committee and bring the House a scheme of which it would approve. Mr. Tom WILLIAMS led the assault. His case was that although the soldier got more than he did in the last war, deductions for allotment put him exactly where he had been then; at the same time his wife, if he had four children, was expected to support them on thirty-five shillings a week. The allowance for a fourth child was one shilling, yet the Ministry of Health assessed the needs of evacuated children at eight shillings and sixpence.

He demanded a rent allowance, and that children's allowances should be bigger. These were described by Mr. AMERY as "utterly preposterous and indefensible," and that seemed the general verdict of the House. It was a bad day, as Mr. LAWSON remarked, for the Government.

Wednesday, October 18th.—In answer to Lord SNELL, Lord ZETLAND told the Upper House how Mr. GANDHI, speaking for himself, had said that he believed India should give Britain unconditional support in the war; how the Congress leaders had condemned the Nazi Government but had wished to be reassured on the effect of our war aims on India before giving us their support; how the Princes had rallied to us splendidly; how the VICEROY was in the closest consultation with the leaders of Indian public opinion, and how it was



"HATS OFF TO THE ENEMY"

THE MARLBOROUGH TOUCH

"This entry by a U-boat must be considered as a remarkable exploit of professional skill and daring."—Mr. Churchill.

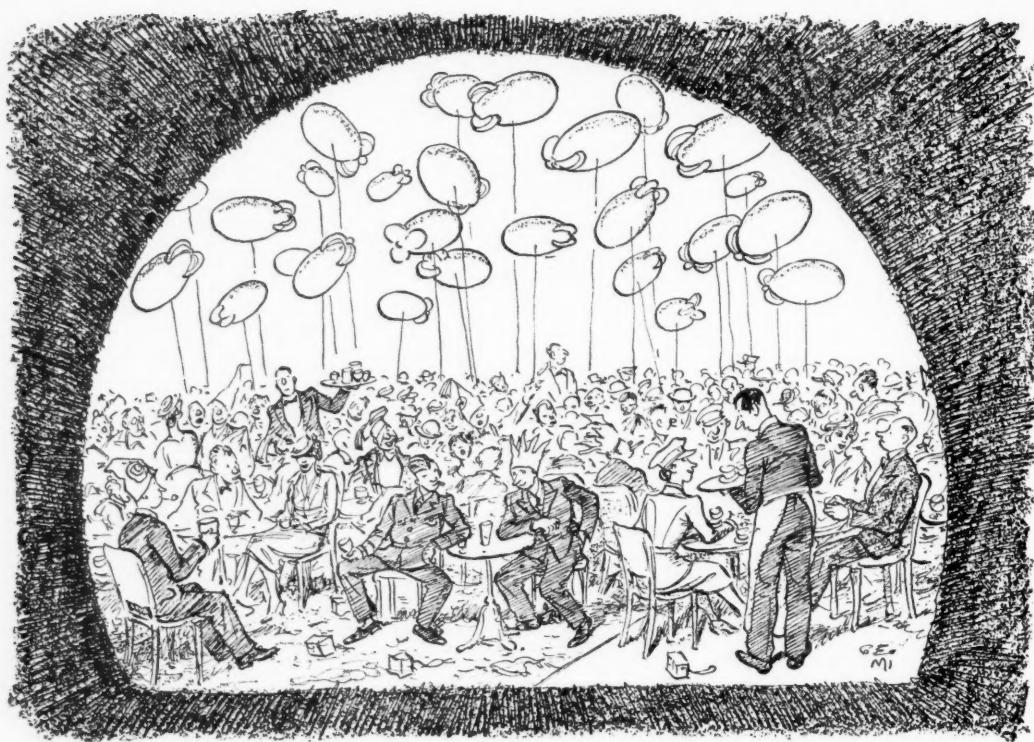
The Second Reading of the Bill to postpone local elections till next year, moved by Sir JOHN ANDERSON, was given *nem. con.* in spite of a division, for its two I.L.P. opponents had to act



"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT"

"Money is being squandered on civil defence."
Sir Patrick Hannon.

"How much longer is this waste of public money going on?"—Colonel Wedgwood.



GALA

proposed to set up a panel representing the various parties and interests, which would act as a liaison body between the Government and the people.

Lord SNELL was not surprised that a large section of the Indian people were asking themselves why they should be expected to fight for democratic principles which they themselves were not allowed, but he considered the VICEROY's report was an advance. Lord CREWE wanted the federal tie to be as loose as possible. Trust India, said Lord SANKEY; and the PRIMATE hoped that co-operative work on the proposed panel would help to break down some of the communal divisions which at one time had appeared to him to be ineradicable.

During Questions in the Commons, Mr. BUTLER admitted that the report that Comrade HITLER had extracted seventeen and a half tons of gold from his Russian brothers seemed to have something to it.

If he were to gain a hundred times that amount of gold it could never repay him for the incalculable damage done to his cause by one of the most astonishing diplomatic blunders in history.

Captain WALLACE had a sad tale to tell about the road deaths for September, which had mounted, owing to the black-out, to 1,130. In September, 1938, they were 554. That drivers who have to use their cars at night should go more slowly is obvious, and he urged it.

In his weekly statement the P.M. had very little that was new to tell the House. The B.E.F. was thoroughly installed and on the best terms with its hosts. The Navy had sustained severe losses this week but was doing very well, the latest measure of its success being not only a heavy toll of U-boats but also the fact that in the week ending October 17th our mercantile losses had been no more than one half of one per cent. of vessels sailing. As for the R.A.F. it had covered itself in glory during the raids on Scotland; eight enemy aircraft were now known to have been brought down in air battles without the loss of a single British machine. In these actions the Auxiliary Air Force had achieved a resounding success. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke with contempt of the shameless lies of the German propaganda machine, and declared his determination that

British news should continue to be "straight."

The evening's debate, not very exciting, turned on the demand by the Opposition Socialists and Liberals for a Minister of Economic Planning in the War Cabinet, it being thought that Lord STAMP's part-time advice was not enough. In a lengthy reply Sir JOHN SIMON defended the present system by which Lord STAMP was the link between an inter-departmental Committee and a Ministerial Committee, and declared that it made for quick discussion and decision.

NOTICE

PAPER RESTRICTION

Owing to the restriction on the supply of paper, it may not be possible to obtain PUNCH in the ordinary way.

Readers who desire to receive PUNCH regularly and the Almanack should place a definite order with their Newsagent or direct with PUNCH Office.

Mariners of England

MY family is rich in seafaring tradition. My great-grandfather always intended to run away to sea. He was only prevented from doing so by the threats of a father, and later by the tender persuasion of a wife. Nevertheless he was steeped in lore of the sea, and my grandfather, as he sat at my great-grandfather's feet, heard stories of stirring adventures which might have been enjoyed had a father not threatened nor a wife persuaded.

Can it be wondered at, then, that when my grandfather had reached less tender years he decided to run away to sea? The hardships he suffered during his absence from home were to have a tremendous repercussion on my father.

My grandfather slipped out of the house one night and went to the railway station. Now, although my great-grandfather had often told him tales that sent his blood coursing through his veins, he had always been rather hazy about details like ships, ports and general procedure when one wanted to lead a nautical life. So my grandfather took a first-class ticket to Leeds, because it was a place that had featured in one of my great-grandfather's most rollicking yarns.

When he arrived in Leeds, my grandfather could discover neither ships nor sea. His money was almost exhausted. He underwent indignity and incredible privation. He had to take a third-class ticket home.

This terrible experience left its mark upon my grandfather and led him to forbid mention of the sea or anything connected with it in his household. As a result of this ban my father was brought up in total ignorance of the existence of it. No maps or charts were allowed in the house. His books were censored. His tutor was ordered to teach him nothing which might lead him to believe that there was anywhere any sea or ocean. My grandfather even went carefully through my father's Bible and Prayer Book, crossing out any reference to the forbidden subject with an indelible pencil.

In spite of this suppression, blood told. As soon as he was of age my father acquired a passion for fishing. By the time I can remember him, he did nothing else. He sat all day on a kitchen-chair in a punt moored in the river. I can never remember that he caught anything, but he was never discouraged. He always said that there must be some purpose in his sitting there, but what it was he could not discover.

One day it struck him that the river, flowing along so gently, must go somewhere. Such a great body of water could not just disappear, he thought. He decided to find out. Surreptitiously he cut the mooring-rope of his punt and drifted downstream.

He was fished out of the weir below by a jobbing-gardener, and spent a month in bed. He never made another attempt.

Like my father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather, I have the sea

in my blood. I can never remember a time when I did not want to run away to sea. Eight weeks ago I made up my mind to do so. I had studied the art of tying knots. I had been adding salt to my bath-water to accustom myself to brine. I had bought a pair of sea-boots.

That is why I cannot speak of this war without bitterness. It has ruined the tradition of three generations. I cannot go to sea now. The winter cruise has been cancelled.



"Lor, what a life! U-boats outside—an' now tin-tacks on the fo'c'sle floor!"

At the Music-Hall

"THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED"
(PALLADIUM)

IT is very good to see the Crazy Gang at work again, shouting each other down once more from the boxes and standing about being roughly the six silliest men in London. Their talents are naturally on a semi-war footing; that is to say FLANAGAN appears as an Esquimo air-raid warden would look if Esquimaux were not too sensible to live in an uncivilised part of the globe, NERVO has a shrewd crack at the Squire of Berchtesgaden, and there is a long and colourful parody of the Aldershot Tattoo which ends with a sudden drone of bombers diving on the stalls and a copious shower of pamphlets giving a general low-down on the Nazi leaders. But in the main Mr. GEORGE BLACK's aim has been to take the mind of his vast public off the war for a couple of hours, and in this he certainly succeeds. I have seen better shows of his making and I must admit that I have seldom listened to a poorer set of songs; but what a relief it is to come in out of that dreary black-out to such a scene of cheer and gaiety! It is worth every one of the preceding collisions with a dozen lamp-posts and a hundred bulky and detestable strangers.

The best of the crazy stuff is in a long scene in which ALLEN and NAUGHTON endeavour to demonstrate the Indian rope-trick in the face of determined opposition from their comrades. FLANAGAN bellows insults from a box, KNOX breaks in with schoolboy recitations whose *entendre*

might easily run into double figures if only one had a mathematical mind, and NERVO returns again and again to shoot at the Upper Circle, plant and pull flowers in the shirt of the *Mahatma's* bearded accomplice and

builder's assistants whose invitations to disaster and marvellous sense of timing raise them—and I mean it as a compliment—to the realms of pure art.

Apart from the general antics of the Gang, I find I have starred two other turns specially. One, an illustrated lecture by KNOX on the love-life of the ant, gets crossed at well-chosen intervals by a newsreel showing the launch of a giant liner and ends in a violent argument with the commentator. Very funny. The other is the dancing of JIMMY HADREAS, which is as good as you could hope to find. Any step from any land is within his compass, and his Irish jig is magnificent.

After these come EDNA SQUIRE BROWN, a graceful contortionist who acts as an emergency landing-ground for seven white doves, on short leave, I presume, from Berlin; the CONDOS BROTHERS, very slick and apparently inexhaustible tap-dancers; and a team of acrobats too proficient to be left anonymous in the programme.

The décor is attractive, and so are the dresses, which the J. SHERMAN FISHER GIRLS wear with happy cunning. I still think FLANAGAN is the pick of the Gang and something of a master in his line, but please, Mr. BLACK, give him a song worth singing. Whoever thought of dropping the leaflets can go up several places.

ERIC.



HUMAN DOVECOT

MISS EDNA SQUIRE BROWN

carry out a number of other eccentric operations. Finally FLANAGAN pulls down a curtain over his box which says "40 hommes, 8 chevaux," and the trick, like large quantities of the rope, remains undone.

While NERVO was at it he might have made himself look much more like HITLER; there can surely no longer be any ban on the impersonation of the little wretch. As it is, after a brief rag of a Ruritanian court, he swaggers in at the head of his S.S. men or Blackguards to crack yet another crib. Unfortunately for the visitor's dignity, Prince Rudi (KNOX) has been persuaded to dress up as the *Queen*, so that dreams of romance as well as plunder quickly depart from the normal schedule. The Leader causes the *Queen's* family tree to be brought in, when it proves to be a stout but suspiciously twisted shrub, off which he contemptuously breaks branch after branch as the *Queen* admits her somewhat spectacular ancestry; but she gets her own back in a cruelly athletic waltz. This is quite a funny turn but not as funny as it might have been when you consider its subject.

I was more pleased than I can say to see again after a long gap those men of genius, WILLIE, WEST and McGINTY. They are the cream of slapstick,



FARMER FLANAGAN



VISIT OF A BLACK-GUARD

MR. JIMMY NERVO

MR. TEDDIE KNOX

Bloomer

"It was also revealed yesterday that an indiscretion by Frau Magda Goebbels was responsible for the Knickerbocker exposure . . ."—*Daily Paper*.



The Pig

(Our Author kept his best unto the last)

I OCCUPY a modest farm
Not large but well supplied;
My house, though rich in ancient
charm,
Is modernised inside;
I have a barn, an artist's dream,
Two bullocks and a cow,
But first and foremost I esteem
My admirable sow.

But war was on the wind. Men spoke
Of sky-descending bomb
Till, somewhat tardily, I woke
To guard myself therefrom;
With sandbags at colossal cost
I started in to rig
Protection up that naught be lost,
Especially my pig.

My home is proof with ne'er a gap;
I've hemmed about my barn
Till I believe, whate'er might hap,
It wouldn't give a darn;
I've reared a wall about the spot
Where dwell my worthy kine,
But learn, with horror, that I've got
None over for my swine.

To give her something extra strong
I left her to the last,
And now, because I've counted wrong,
She'll catch the faintest blast;
I have no cash for more, I can't
Dismantle those I've built,
Which is an awkward thing, I grant,
For my unrivalled gilt.

She little heeds the thing I've done;
She does not pine or droop;
She's smiling now, the feckless one,
After her mid-day soup;
But may the gods be o'er her sty
That no ill-chance may dog
The path, to put it so, of my
Surpassing (female) hog.

DUM-DUM.

BLACK-OUT



Moving with the Times

WE have just moved, with the help of Mr. Mendax, into a smaller house. It is in fact a cottage, eight miles or so from our old home. Let us quote Mr. Mendax on the reason for our move. "I suppose," said Mr. Mendax, "with no one reading anything but the papers nowadays there's no call for books and such-like."

We complimented Mr. Mendax on the accuracy of his diagnosis. No one wants books; scarcely anyone even wants such-like. There you have it. That one of us would soon be going off to help turn the Siegfried Line into a wind-break (or wind-brake? Forward, *Sunday Times* correspondents!) leaving the other with a somewhat depleted income, did not of course enter into the question. Not with Mr. Mendax.

Mr. Mendax is a FURNITURE REMOVER. Estimates free. Distance no object. He substantiated the latter claim by informing us that short moves (such as our own) didn't pay, though of course it was all in the business.

Mr. Mendax is also a DEALER IN ANTIQUES. That is, he excels in dealing with people who want to buy or sell antiques. This we found out when, having space for less than half our furniture in the cottage, we sold some pieces to Mr. Mendax.

Among them was a sofa-table.
"As you see," we said, "it's Chippendale, and in very good condition."

Mr. Mendax looked at it as if it were a pile of firewood. "The trouble is," he said, shaking his head, "there's no market for reproductions nowadays."

We ventured to maintain that the table was genuine, and presently Mr. Mendax agreed, though not without ill grace. He then said he *might* have been able to do something with it (as





"That wouldn't keep out much light!"

if he knew of someone needing a kitchen table) had it been in better condition.

We invited Mr. Mendax to examine the table. After a good search he discovered a scratch. "Look at that, now," he said severely. "I'd have to have the whole table stripped and repolished because of that. Not that I wouldn't be willing to do it, mind you, if there was any *call* for these tables. But there isn't. I've got four or five of them on my hands. Can't do anything with them. They're not fashionable nowadays."

We suggested to Mr. Mendax that nothing changed fashions so quickly as a war, while a war on a large scale might even make people wholly insensible to the impositions of fashion.

But Mr. Mendax said No; the war wouldn't make any difference. He added hurriedly that it *would* affect the price, however. The price of antique furniture had dropped terribly. With things in their present state he would probably have to shut up his shop in a week or two.

We discussed price. Mr. Mendax forced us to name a sum. When we did so he pretended to throw a fit and trod backwards against one leg of the table, scraping it with his heel. He quickly recovered before we could point this out and offered us a fraction of this sum.

"I shall probably lose over it," he said, "but you're doing business with me and I want to oblige you. If you tried to auction it you'd be lucky if you got eight pounds for it."

He then turned broody and stared in silence at the scratch. We glanced at each other. We did not know Mr. Mendax at all then: we only plumbed the depths of his guile some days later, when he blandly tried selling us a Victorian dolman as a Chinese mandarin's robe. So we gave in.

A couple of weeks later, when we went to see Mr. Mendax about removing our furniture from his store-rooms to our new address, we found him engaged with a customer. Despite "the present state of things," Mr. Mendax is always busy with someone or other.

No doubt (if we raised the point) he would find something to grumble at, some disadvantage, in being constantly busy like this, but one disadvantage that has probably never occurred to him is that, with so much shifting stock, he forgets where he acquired most of it.

"Of course," he was saying to his customer, "if it was in bad condition I'd be prepared to take less. But there's only this one scratch. A rag and a bit of polish, and you'd never see it. And genuine Chippendale, mind you. You wouldn't pick up a table like this at an auction for under thirty-five pounds—and then you'd be lucky. I hunted everywhere for this one. They're fashionable too—very fashionable. If it wasn't for the war I'd want another ten pounds for it, and then I'd be sorry to part with it. But with things in their present state I have to take what I can get. I shall probably have to shut up my shop in a week or two, in any case."

Presently, having closed the deal, Mr. Mendax turned round and remembered we were there. He remembered



*"They told me I should be safe down here."
"Why, what've yew bin up to?"*

only that. We thought of taking the matter up, but with a shuffler like Mr. Mendax, what was the use? So we asked Mr. Mendax if he would be good enough to deliver the furniture we had stored with him.

Whereupon Mr. Mendax looked worried. Justifiably, we concluded. With things in their present state . . .

But here we were wrong. Mr. Mendax, poor wretch, was worried because he had to do two removals the next day; three the following day; two the day after that; and then there

was the week-end. Inconsiderately, most inconsiderately, we wondered then if he could not let us have it that same afternoon.

Whereat Mr. Mendax said it would take him the entire afternoon merely to shift all the furniture he had since stacked in front of our own pile. He would, however, do his best to let us have it the following week—on Friday, say.

We said Friday would suit us, adding that if Mr. Mendax found, with things in their present state, he had to

shut up shop in a week or two, he would have our sincere sympathy.

"Shut up the shop?" echoed Mr. Mendax. "Why, I've had so much business since the war started that I've had to take on extra men!"

Just so, we said. If he found, with things in their present state, he had to shut up shop, he would have our sincere sympathy. He would also of course have our furniture, with which we feared we could not part so readily. Not with things in their present state,

FOR THE WOUNDED

Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND



IN A GOOD CAUSE

thousand volunteers of whom one thousand were in daily attendance, and eventually there were sent to hospitals £350,000 worth of surgical appliances, dressings and clothes for the use of the sick and wounded on various Fronts.

The present emergency is already great and will probably soon be far greater. A number of readers have generously sent contributions, but in view of the urgent need Mr. Punch ventures to repeat his appeal.

We are buying materials in bulk and distributing them wherever and whenever the demand arises and is most pressing. Every penny subscribed will be used for the comfort of patients, and no expenses whatever will be deducted. Detailed information will be furnished to all subscribers as to the nature and progress of the work; and though we know well that these are days of privation, we yet ask you, those who can, to send us donations, large or small, according to your means; the hospital work assisted will be not only in England but in France, and we would remind you again that "a stitch in time saves nine." Will you please address all contributions and inquiries to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

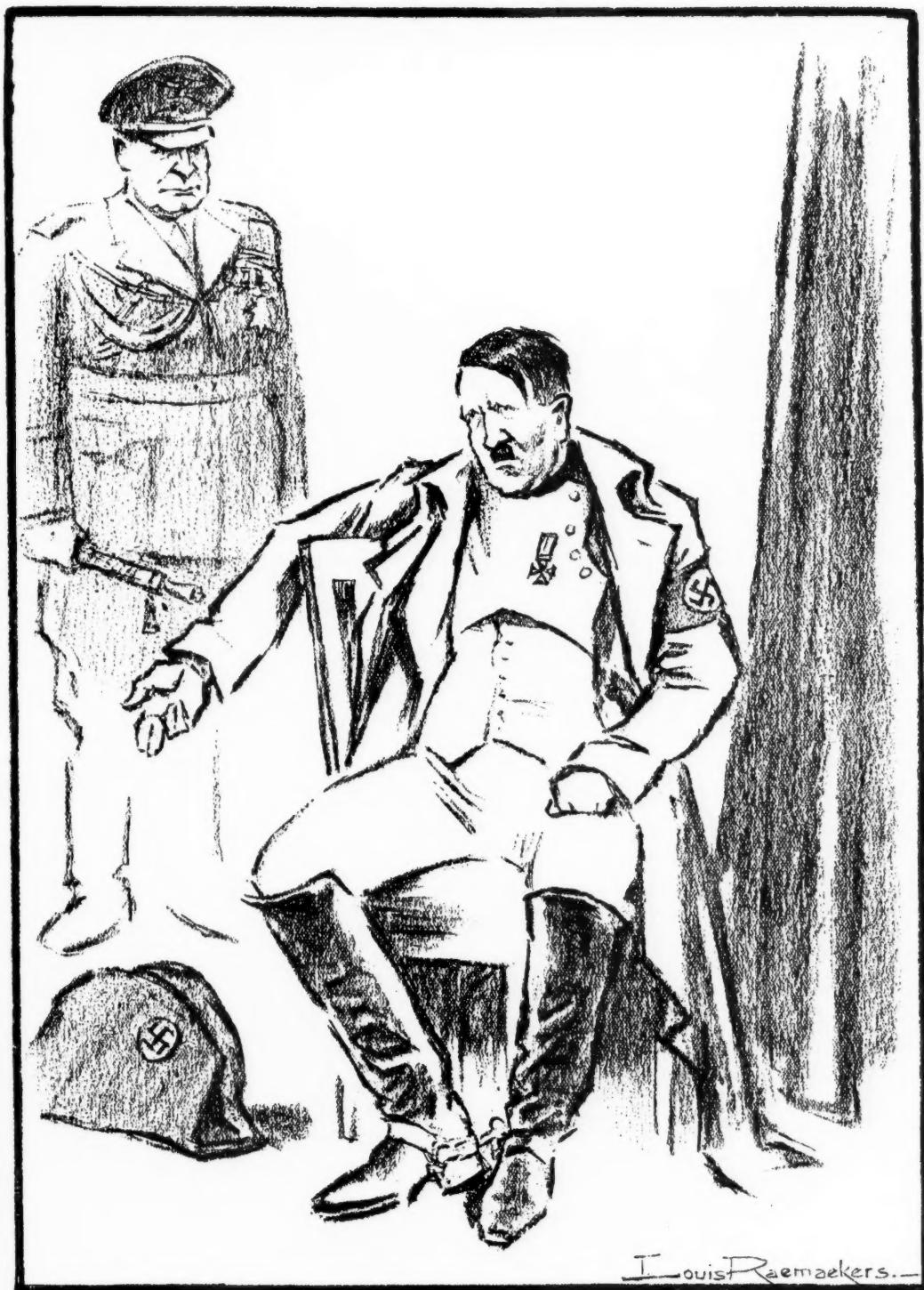
A FORTNIGHT ago we made an appeal for funds to purchase raw material needed by voluntary workers in the efforts they are making to assist the hospitals and provide comforts and surgical appliances for the wounded. Since then requests have reached us from Women's Voluntary Service centres in :

St. Pancras	Morden
Leeds	Crayford
Rochdale	Croydon
Newcastle-on-Tyne	New Malden
Manchester	Walthamstow
Bristol	Banstead
Finsbury	East Sheen

for the following materials:—

Calico for limb pillows
Domette for many-tailed bandages
Flannel for hot-water-bottle covers
Flannelette and winceyette for "helpless case" shirts
Felt for slippers
Ripple cloth for dressing-jackets and dressing-gowns
White and coloured wool for operation stockings, etc
Metal and 3-ply wood for special splints.

We pointed out that in the years between 1914 and 1918 the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depot was set up and achieved astonishingly good results; there are innumerable testimonies on record to the value of the work done by this Institution, carried out by voluntary helpers who made dressings, splints, crutches, bandages and supports for limbs to lighten the lot of those who suffered in hospitals here and abroad. Starting at the beginning of 1915 with ten workers, there were later enlisted in its services nearly five



FROM EAST TO WEST

"So much for my Moscow—now let me make plans for my Waterloo!"



"There—now that's the Baltic."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Bitter Laughter

To those who hold that in uncomfortable times literature should be comfortable, and to those who find Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY's way with certain delicate matters distasteful, *After Many a Summer* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) is not recommended. But others will get both literary delight and mental stimulus from this bitter, serious and entertaining book. If Mr. HUXLEY has never before so relentlessly scariified poor human nature, never before in fiction has he given so clear an expression to that vision of a world as it might be which makes him so savagely contemptuous of the world as it is. While Mr. Propter in his Californian bungalow is serenely expounding his mystical yet realistic philosophy—which to readers of *Ends and Means* will not be altogether new—up the hill in a millionaire's outrageous pleasure-dome is being played (though the grotesque and horrible finale is staged in England) a fantastic tragedy of greed, fear, lust and ambition, those manifestations of that unliberated ego, of that "attachment," which, according to Mr. Propter and Mr. HUXLEY, is the root of all our evils. The principal players are Mr. Stoyte the millionaire, with his panic terror of death; his domestic physician, Dr. Obispo, who works so unscrupulously on that terror; Jeremy Pordage, the sniggering scholar, whose archival discoveries prove so unexpectedly apropos; and the ravishing *Virginia*, old man's darling and young man's slave in one. Their deplorable but not, strictly speaking,

unedifying antics (with Mr. Propter's commentary) make, for those who can relish them, a *conte philosophique* unworthy neither of SWIFT nor of VOLTAIRE.

"A. A. M." Looks Back.

There must be a great many people—including mainly, perhaps, those who have read several of his books that are an equal delight to children and their elders—who would be pleased to discover just what kind of person Mr. A. A. MILNE is. Many of them probably feel certain that they know already but would rather like to make sure. In the Introduction to the autobiography which he calls *It's Too Late Now* (METHUEN, 12/6) he explains that "one writes in a certain sort of way because one is a certain sort of person; one is a certain sort of person because one has led a certain sort of life." So that the book telling the story of the life should give the inquiring a very good idea, though different parts of it may arouse such different comments as "I thought that's what he must be like," and "Surely he must have made that up." For while when he sets out to give the narrative in detail he gives it, as we may be sure, with absolute fidelity, yet somehow he conveys the impression that some of it might have been imagined. Every now and then he seems hardly to believe himself that the things happened as they did. It is as though they turned out so in order to prove that quite ordinary happenings are the really exciting ones. Anyhow "A. A. M." has a way of making them seem so, and his readers will rejoice that, as he says, it is too late for him to write differently.

Fisher-folk

It is at times like these that the British public, which under normal conditions is generally inclined to take the



"Our black-out is so complete, Mr. Meghorn, that you probably find it difficult to believe that this is a narrow street with houses on each side of us."

doings of the Mercantile Marine a trifle too much for granted, suddenly awakes to a realisation of its vital importance to the life of the community. For that reason Mr. F. D. OMMANNEY's description of a voyage in a Grimsby trawler fishing off the Iceland coast, which he calls *North Cape* (LONGMANS, 10/6), has a special interest at the moment. Incidentally his title is possibly a little misleading, for the Horn or North Cape to which it refers is the northermost point of Iceland, and neither the North Cape nor the Horn. Mr. OMMANNEY's book, written with a genuine understanding of and liking for the cheerful, hardy, simple, blasphemous folk who made up the *Lincoln Star's* crew, and without any of the excess of sentiment and melodrama so many writers seem to think inseparable from the subject, reveals the real conditions under which the harvest of the seas is reaped and the type of men who gather it. A lifelong passion for the sea also breathes through his pages, though he frankly avows that for him the grandeur and loneliness of nature are nothing if mankind has not stamped its imprint upon them. His voyage was made at the time of the September crisis of last year, and this account of it affords an interesting glimpse into the reactions of the trawlerman to the likelihood of war conditions which touch no class more nearly than his.

Three Graceless Graces

There is something Elizabethan—a full-blooded colour scheme, a certain sense of violence and distortion—about *Dove in the Mulberry Tree* (JENKINS, 7/6). It recounts, however, in a Georgian setting the fortunes of three young girls: *Rachel Pierpoint*, illegitimate scion of the peerage; *Lily Masham*, an orphan heiress; and *Ann Shirley*, child of an Anglo-Methodist parsonage, a cunning prude addicted to the more dishonest aspects of religiosity. *Ann* materialises as the evil genius of her friends, though she has been hired as their companion by their common chaperon, *Mrs. Hume*—an excellent portrait of an immortal type of go-between and *gouvernante*—to add a respectable lustre to that lady's somewhat tarnished household. The fortunes of the trio are further complicated by the presence of *Mrs. Hume's* two sons and their friend *Matthew Dryden*—all three possible aspirants for the heiresses. How what might have shaped into at least two happy marriages turns into a series of elopements, misalliances and a full-dress abduction trial is "GEORGE R. FREEDY'S" secret. Her secret too is the alchemy that transmutes into something not unlike romantic gold the dross of old criminal records.



Stout Lady (discussing the best thing to do in an air-raid). "WELL, I ALWAYS RUNS ABOUT MESELF. YOU SEE, AS MY 'USBAND SEZ, AN' VERY REASONABLE TOO, A MOVIN' TARTIF IS MORE DIFFICULT TO IT."

George Belcher, October 31st, 1917

England, Right and Wrong

Probably no one has ever compiled an anthology that pleases everybody, and Mr. MARTIN GILKES is conscious that the admission of some of the items in his *Tribute to England* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) needs explanation. This he gives in an Introduction which shows a scheme so embracive that almost anything might come into it, but also shows that he

has set himself a high standard of poetic quality. "Patriotism of some sort must be the underlying motif of every poem included in this book," but patriotism as he accepts it means not only the blind idolatry of "My country, right or wrong," but an affection which is also critical and discriminating. He regards it, justly enough, as a tribute to England not that at various stages in her history she has been far from perfect, but that she has generally produced a great poet who has not been afraid to say so. The tribute therefore comprises such frank exposures of bad conditions as HOOD'S "Song of the Shirt," E. B. BROWNING'S "Cry of the Children," and extracts from *Piers Plowman*, together with TENNYSON'S "Revenge," MACAULAY'S "Armada," speeches from SHAKESPEARE'S historical plays, some of the grimdest of MR. SASSOON'S 1914 sonnets, MR. BINYON'S "For the Fallen," and a great many other very readable pieces, familiar and unfamiliar. Incidentally it may be mentioned that MR. BINYON'S "England" and A. E. HOUSMAN'S "On Wenlock Edge," both mentioned in the paragraph of Acknowledgments, do not appear in the book.

No Fun for Salmon

MR. R. D. PECK remains loyal to the fly, about which he has written so helpfully, but he is not of that sad and mad and bad brigade, the purists; in his new book, *Spinning for Duffers—and Salmon* (BLACK, 3/6), he urges the aesthetic delights of swinging the right bait into the right bit of water at the right moment, a process calling for at least as much skill as the propulsion of a bundle of feathers from a wooden catapult, and he suggests that we spinners should wage a sartorial war on the purists by crowding our hats with the most sinister of our lures. A very good idea. We ourselves have an Irish loch-spoon which, straddling our crown and dangling a triangle originally intended to anchor the *Queen Mary*, will strike terror into the proud hearts of the enemy. Some spinners will consider Mr. PECK conservative in method, for he has no use for the American small-scale gear now so popular, and plumps solidly for a rod of ten feet six and either a plain Nottingham reel with a powerful check or a "Silex"; but all will find this an amusing and instructive little book and all will like MR. H. M. BATEMAN'S unkindly illustrations.

de Lisle

General Sir BEAUVIOIR DE LISLE has not been too lucky in the publication of his *Reminiscences of Sport and War* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 15/-). Racing and polo in India,

the Transvaal War, even 1914-18, seem an old tale in the shadow of to-day. But this comment wants seasoning. Apart from a short chapter on horses he has known, the best part of the book is that of his life as a soldier. He owed his rise to initiative, resource, and a turn for work, and his career, especially in South Africa, should be worth reading to young soldiers. He is, so far as one knows, the only officer who, as a senior and war-crusted infantry captain, was transferred practically to second-in-command of a cavalry regiment. On retirement he even took up farming in a small way, and made something out of it. Towards the end of his book he gives a description of men of personality whom he has known. There is nothing very illuminating. But he makes one astonishing statement. It is about Lord KITCHENER: "I knew he was lying." One is reminded of one's very first introduction to an officers' mess, when a live colonel, apparently half asleep behind a paper in an armchair, suddenly went for a last-joined subaltern with the fierce remark that that word was never used, even in chaff.

A Small Cast

As is MR. BELTON COBB'S praiseworthy habit, he has refrained in *Death Defies the Doctor* (LONGMANS, 7/6) from encumbering his stage with swarms of superfluous performers. Not more than half a dozen people could possibly have hastened troublesome *Samuel Cork* from this world, and two or three of them were not in the least likely to have committed such an unlawful deed. Nevertheless, dunder-headed *Superintendent Rolfe* was floundering in his efforts to mark down the criminal when Scotland Yard's energetic *Detective-Inspector Burman*



arrived on the scene. Then light began to shine where previously darkness had prevailed. MR. COBB'S portrait of a complete cad is drawn with merciless skill, but the problems and not the people concerned with them are mainly responsible for the success of this effectively-told story.

Mr. Punch on Tour

At Beverley, from November 4th to December 2nd, the Exhibition of the Original Work of Modern *Punch* Artists will be on view at the Public Library, Art Gallery and Museum.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

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